Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER,] "WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—*Jackson.* [EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS.

Cooper's Clarksburg Register is published in Clarksburg Va, every Wednesday morning, at $2,00 per annum, in advance, or at the expiration of SIX MONTHS from the time of subscribing; after the termination of six months $2,50 will invariably be charged. No subscription received for less than six months. No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the proprietor, until all arrearages are paid up; and those who do not dorer their paper to be discontinued at the end of their term of subscription, will be considered as desiring to have it continued.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at $1,00 per square of twelve lines for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount on the above ratet made to those who advertise by the year. No advertisement counted less than one square.—The number of inseritons must be specified or the advertisement will be continued and charged for accordingly.

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EMBARKATION OF CAVALRY.

A Scene.

The embarkation of the horses was not accomplished without the occurrence of many exciting scenes, in which were evinced the strength and terror of the horses and the address and resolution of the hussars, who when foiled again and again in their attempts to fasten the sling upon their steeds, seemed never to doubt of success, and ultimately triumphed over all. Some were blinded by a kerchief tied over their eyes, others were quieted by kind words, others by caresses, even kisses, and in this way were seduced to submission; but a few of the horses were intractible by such gentle means, and a fore foot held in the hands of a hussar, or the twitch, a pole with a loop of leather at the end, fastened by twisting it on the upper lip or ear of the horse, reduced a hot-tempered horse to the desired state. But one or two desperate encounters happened. We saw a mare raise her fore feet over the shoulders of a hussar who was holding a halter at her mouth, and knock him to the earth under her. He fortunately was not much injured. Another hussar, while attending the last horse that was embarked, was bit in the arm by the animal as he was being taken into the air and narrowly escaped making an involuntary ascent.

The worst struggle, however, remains to be told. It was with a powerful horse; we heard it belonged to the sergeant-major. His temper being known, the hussars, and riggers who assisted them, stood warily by as the sling was being applied. Three or four were at his head, smoothing the forehead, blinding his eyes, and holding him firmly by the halter; but the instant he felt the sling beneath him, he spurned it with his hind legs, and rearing his fore, drove off all but those who held the halter, and them he dragged to some distance from the ship's side. He was drawn back and a second attempt was made, but with a similar result. It was some time before he could be brought a third time under the yard of the ship, but when there one of his fore legs was doubled up and fastened by a rope. This operation did not tame him, but he pawed in the air with the leg that was free, cleaving a way before him, and the attempt being a failure, the bound leg was liberated.—Numbers of men then came round him, and one of them managed to fasten the twitch upon him. The pain inflicted by the instrument seemed to doubly infuriate the animal; he stood upon his hind legs, plunged forward, or kicked and reared alternately, throwing from him all but the three men who held the two ends of the halter and the twitch.

His frantic motions at last compelled those who held the halter to let it go, but the third soldier stuck to his twitch with a tenacity that was the surprise and admiration of all who beheld the contest. At times he was borne off the ground by the horse, but he never let go and the horse at length stood still, trembling, mastered probably by the torture of the twitch. He was led back to the centre of the sawdust, and for a moment or two seemed to submit to the desired operation; but as one of the riggers was passing behind him with the breech cord, the terrified animal once more flung out his hoofs, and in doing so kicked the rigger in the abdomen. The poor fellow staggered on one side and fell with a piteous exclamation. An officer ordered him to be removed to the doctor's office, and instantly he was taken from the spot in the arms of his mates.—We understand the hurt he received although agonizing at first, is not likely to be fatal. It was a bare escape with life.

After this serious accident, a long rope was procured, and a noose made at one end of it. This was laid on the ground, and the horse brought forward and made to step into it. The line was then jerked and the noose was fastened to the horse's hind hoof. The instant he felt the trammel, he kicked, if possible, more violently than before, and then darted to and fro with a velocity that made it impossible for any one to hold the leg rope. The man with the twitch, however, never let go his hold on the horse's nose, and, after a terrible scene that made the spectators fly to a distance for safety, the gallant soldier had the satisfaction to see the animal stand exhausted by his exertions. He was brought back to the ship's side once more, and rope fastened to the hoof was brought between his fore legs over and around his neck, and secured. By this means the horse's power to resist was effectively diminished; the twitch was then applied to the ear instead of the nose.

The effect of this treatment was magical. The horse did not stir while the sling was fixed and hooked to the tekel. The signal was given; the soldiers retired; the laborers ran off with the yard; the horse bounded forward twice, and then sprang into the air with the stay rope at an angle of thirty degrees from the yard; back he swung, and oscillated once or twice, beating the air futilely; even that soon ceased, and in a few seconds he was deposited in the hold, where he was with some difficulty taken charge of by the dragoons below. The scene was extremely exciting, and at one moment even alarming; but the bravery and determination of the hussars made them superior to even the most fiery of the quadrupeds they had that day to deal with. Such men will be thunderbolts in the hottest brunt of battle.—*Exeter (Eng.) Gazette.*

TOUCHING THEATRICAL INCIDENT.

We went one night to see a comedy. The chief actor was a favorite, and the theater was densely crowded. The curtain drew up, and amid a burst of applause the hero made his appearance. He had hardly said twenty words when it struck us that something strange was the matter with him.

The play was a boisterous comedy of the old school, and required considerable spirit and vivacity on the part of the actors to sustain it properly; but in this man there was none; he walked and talked like a person in a dream; his best points were passed over without appearing to perceive them, and altogether he appeared quite unfit for his part. His smile was ghastly; his laugh hollow and unnatural, and frequently he would stop suddenly in his speech, and let his eyes roll vacantly over the audience. Even when in his character of a silly husband he had to suffer himself to be kicked about the stage by the young rake of the comedy, and afterward to behold that individual making love to his wife and eating his supper, while he was shut up in a closet from which he could not emerge, his contortions of ludicrous wrath, which had never before failed to call down plenty of applause, were such dismal attempts to portray the passion, that hisses were audible in various parts of the house.

The audience was fairly out of temper, and several inquisitive individuals were particular in their inquiries as to the extent of the potations he had indulged in that evening. A storm of sibilation now fell around the ears of the devoted actor, and not content with verbal insult, orange peels and apples flew upon the stage. He stopped and looked around the shouting crowd. I never saw such misery in a human countenance. His face was worn and haggard, and large tears rolled down his painted cheeks. I saw his lips quiver with inward agony—I saw his bosom heave with convulsions of inward emotion, and his whole mein betokened such depths of anguish and distress that the most ruthless heart must have throbbed with pity. The audience was moved, and by degrees the invective subsided into solemn silence, while he stood near the footlights, a picture of dejection.

When all was calm he spoke, and in a voice broken with sobs that seemed to rend his bosom, proceeded at once to offer his little explanation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "though in acting to-night, I am confident of meriting your displeasure, in one thing you do me wrong—I am not intoxicated. Emotion alone, and that of the most painful kind, has caused me to fulfill my allotted part so badly—my wife died but a few hours ago, and I left her side to fulfill my unavoidable engagement. I loved her, grieved for her, and if misery and anguish can excuse a fault, I bear my apology here!"

He placed his hand upon his heart and stopped, and a burst of tears relieved his momentary paroxysm of grief. The audience were thoroughly affected, and an honest burst of sympathy made the walls tremble. Women wept loudly and strong men silently; and during the remainder of the evening his performance was scarcely audible, through the storm of applause by which the crowd sought to soothe the poor fellow's wounded feelings. There was something very melancholy in the thought of that wretched man's coming from the bed of death to don the gay attire and utter studied witticisms for the amusements of a crowd, not one of whom dreamed of the anguish that lay festering upon the painted cheek and stage smile.

And in great theatres of life, how many there are around us like that poor actor, smiling gaily at the multitude, while at home lies some mystery of sorrow, whose shadow is ever present with them in busy places, and in solitude revels upon their hearts a like ghoul among the tombs.

AN UNEXPECTED ANSWER.—Soon after the Mexican war, an American captain and an Englishman met in Venice, at dinner.

"You are an American, sir," said the Englishman.

"I reckon I am," returned the captain.

"You have the name of being great warriors."

"Yes," said the Yankee "we shoot pretty well."

"But how is it you were so anxious to make peace with Mexico? This does not look much like spunk."

"You are an Englishma?" interrogated the Yankee,

"Yes," replied the Englishman.

"Well," said the Yankee, "I don't know what our folks offered to do with Mexico; but stranger, I'll just tell you one thing—I'll be d——d if we ever offered make peace with *you*."

This home thrust at the Englishman set the whole house in an uproar of laughter.

CURE FOR DIARRHŒA.—Burn Rhubarb powder in an iron, stir it carefully, till blackened; then smother it in a covered jar. The dose is from five to ten grains, given in water, port wine or milk. After one or two doses, the pain quickly subside, and the bowels speedily regain their accustomed strength and health.

Written for the Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

LINES

Written on the Presentation of an Old Bible to a Lady—a Relic, the Book of her Father.

BY A. LANE.

May this blessed volume, the best of all books,
Though soil'd are its pages, and ancient its looks,
By thee be kept sacred—a relic most dear—
'Twas the book of thy father in his youthful career.

Oft, oft when his hart was o'erwhelmed with grief
To its pages he turned in search of relief;
For he trusted in God—in the word of his truth:
'Twas his comfort in age, and the guide of his youth.

A star to direct him when darkness arose;
His armor, in battle, to conquer his foes;
His hope as he enter'd the valley of death—
For he dreaded no danger—he triumph'd by faith.

Now long has he slumbered in death's cold embra e,
And the turfs of the graveyard have sodded the place
Where his body lies mouldering in silent decay,
There resting in hope till awaked from its clay:

For his Bible had taught him that though he should die,
In the grave he should not continue to lie;
But should, immortal, arise from the tomb,
And dwell with his Saviour in heaven his home.

Oh! prize, then, this Bible—a gift from thy friend—
For God is its author—salvation its end;
Oft turn to its pages, and read them with pray'r
For the way of salvation is found only there.

'Twas the joy of thy father, O may it be thine—
Its promises precious, its precepts divine;
'Twill comfort and cheer thee when sorrows arise,
And point thee to heaven, thy home in the skies.'

There sorrow ne'er enters, and death cannot come,
But youth in its beauty forever shall bloom;
There friends that were parted, each other shall greet—
And there thou again with thy father shalt meet.

From Peterson's Magazine.

ADA LESTER'S SEASON IN NEW YORK.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

NEW YORK, March 12th.

A whole budget of News from home and yourself, *mi amie*, has put me in excellent spirits to-day. Mamma seems at last to begin to appreciate the blessing she has in such a daughter as I am, and to long to see me. It's very comforting to one's vanity, to be sure, but uncle vows I shall not leave here till the last of April, or if I do, that it will be without him, and that then I shall *only* go with a husband I believe he thinks that all a girl lives for is to get a husband.

You ask about little Annie Richards and her mother. Did I not tell you of my visit to them, dear Maggie? I intended to do so, at least. Well, I bought some muslin and linen, which I did not at all need, and took them to Mrs. Richards to make up for me; for somehow, I have not the knack of giving alms in the matter-of-course manner that does not wound a person's feelings, I fear; and really one feels some delicacy in offering money to a woman who never asked for it; so I knew of no other way than to give her work and pay her well for doing it. There is no romance in their history, dear Maggie, but a great deal of sad reality. I found Mrs. Richards in a small room, in a miserable house in Anthony street. Her particular part of the tenement was very neat, and I was much pleased with herself. She looks like what she is, a woman who has struggled with sorrow all her life; for one after another has she laid her little children in the grave, beside her husband, who died of consumption; and now her whole soul is centered in poor little Annie, with the strength belonging only to those who have suffered and have but one hope in the world to live for. I have been two or three times since my first visit, ostensibly about my work, but really because of the interest I feel in the mother and daughter; and have paid for part of the things in advance under the plea of the necessity of her purchasing needles, cotton, &c.

By the way, did I ever tell you what Madame Deschampe charged for the making and trimming my party dress? including flowers, of course; why, thirty-five dollars, and aunt and the girls informed me that it was quite a moderate price. Verily, one should have the purse of Fortunatus, to live in New York. It is not to be wondered that the saloons of a fashionable milliner or dress-maker almost rival the drawing-room of a Fifth Avenue millionarie.

It is so late in the season, that all the large parties are over; but as they cannot live here without excitement of some kind, music parties and *reunion* are now all the rage. These I like much better than the crowds we have been going to, particularly the music parties, only it never seems to be from love for the art, as much as from love of show that they are given. Much brilliant, difficult music is played and sung, but with an air which says, "Is not that astonishing?" rather than with a heartfelt enjoyment, and a gushing out of the voice as if one could not help it, and if the voice of the music was its own recompense.

Louise has a remarkably fine voice, with a thorough knowledge of music, and is considered one of the finest amateur performers on the harp, in New York: but although I appreciate the accuracy of her playing and singing, it does not gratify me, for it goes no further than the ear, never touching the heart. It seems to want feeling and expression.

My ballad singing would be considered quite anti-diluvian, in the present state of music here, and consequently I never venture upon it, except to please uncle when we are alone, for he says he would rather have my "Auld Bobin Gray" than all Louise's brilliant variations. He generally selects the hour immediately after dinner and in the gloaming, with the bright grate fire, the only light in the room, throwing out warm hues on the parlor wall. I sing him to sleep very often I suspect.

Mr. Blanchard is kind enough to say that he is exceedingly fond of ballads, and when he has happened in, as he frequently does now, he sometimes join me.—That I like very much, for his voice seems to support me so, and I always catch some of the depth of feeling which so pervades his singing.

Louise preserves a contemptuous silence with regard to all this, except now and then to say that since Sontag sung "Home," "Comin' thro' the Rye," "Katy Darlin'," &c., all *higher* kinds of music will become unfashionable. Mr. Blanchard answers that he hopes it will, and with a little temper, for which the piano has to suffer, I give the keys an extra thump and leave it. Maggie my porcupine quills are growing every day.

By the way, this reminds me of something which occurred yesterday morning. It makes me laugh to think of the anti-magnetic power which my stately cousin exercises over me. I am always ready for resistance and preserve a dogged kind of obstinacy, which though perfectly quite, I know she feels. It is "Greek meeting Greek," I assure you. Well, there was to be a music party here in the evening, and, of course, Louise wished her voice to be in fine order, so as it was a blustering, windy day, and she wanted to practice, she did not take her usual drive in the morning. I desired to write to mamma, and had an interesting book to finish, so I also staid at home; and I believe that Ella did not get out, because we did not; so, strange to say, a clear day found us all congregated in the boudoir, Louise practiced till she was tired, and then either from ennui or real indisposition she concluded to play the sick fine lady. As it was not "reception" day, she could not have expected visitors but she nevertheless put on a beautiful, white cashmere wrapper, with an elaborately embroidered *jupon*, and a dainty little Brussels lace cap trimmed with rose-colored ribbons; and she threw herself on the lounge, with her crimson camel's hair shawl, for which she paid a thousand dollars, falling in soft drapery about her. I could not but admire her as she lay there, so statuesque did she look, every fold of her dress seeming to fall in its proper place, and her foot which is beautiful, just peeping from beneath her skirt, encased in its embroidered slipper.

My letter and book were both finished, so I had picked up a volume of Elizabeth Barret Browning's poems, Mr. Blanchard was kind enough to send me yesterday; when Ella, who vowed that crocheting put her eyes out, and was looking around the boudoir for employment, happened to think that my hair would make a fine plaything. I was seated in a low sewing-chair, and let her twist it into all the fantastic shapes which she fancied, reserving to myself the privilege of exclaiming when she pulled too hard. At last she tumbled it all down around my person, exclaiming, "Oh! Ada, how funny you look. Don't she, Mr. Blanchard?"

I was still reading, with my hair on my face, but at the mention of Mr. Blanchard's name, I started to my feet in astonishment and looked toward the door.

There was Mr. Blanchard sure enough, standing in the doorway, entirely unnoticed, Louise, who was deep in the sorrows of a French novel, or myself, who was as deep in Mrs. Browning, till Ella looked up and seeing him, addressed that question to him.

"Ella, how childish you are," said her sister, angrily.

"Ada if you *wish* to do up your hair, you will find brushes in my room."

The emphasized "*wish*" called out all my feelings of resistance, and as I found out all my feelings of resistance, and as I found she was annoyed by it, I quickly thanked her, gave my hair a coil around the back of my head, fastened it with my comb, and *then* going into the next room I washed my hands and returned to the boudoir.

"Well, Miss Ada," said Mr. Blanchard, (I am Miss Ada with him now, instead of Miss Lester) "so I judge you like Mrs. Browning from the total oblivion you were in, with regard to everything around you."

"Oh, yes," and here following a discussion, during which Louise resumed her novel, and Ella, crocheted vigorously.

"Have you read this, 'The Cry of the Human?' oh, you must hear it," he said. At this, Louise laid down her book, and Ella her work. When it was finished there was not a dry eye in the room.—Such is the magnetism of his voice, that the refrain to each verse, "Be pitiful, Oh, God," came out like an earnest supplication. I think we were all the better for it. Ella was quieted down, Louise more amiable, and I felt as if the rough edges of my temper were being ground off.

The music party passed off very well. Mr. Blanchard sang several times with Louise, infusing some of his own spirit into her voice.

I hope to be at home by the last of April, dear Maggie, and glad enough shall I be too. Uncle is already proposing my accompanying them to Saratoga, and though I say but little, I *will not do it*, that is the whole of it.

Yours truly,— ADA LESTER.

NEW YORK, March 2d.

Dear Maggie, I can think of nothing but the sad termination there is likely to be of my interest in little Annie Richards.

A week to-day, I awoke in the morning, and found it storming terribly. The sleet, and snow, and howling wind, combined to make it one of the most dreadful tempests of the season. The very whispering of the gale made me shiver in my warm room. Scarcely a creature was to be seen abroad. All through the day I was haunted by the recollections of Anna Richards, on the night of Mr. Vernon's party. I kept wondering to myself whether the poor little errand girl was facing all this, with her hollow cough and racking pains; and my anxiety made the day scarcely endurable. I *could not* go out, Maggie, for I never saw such a storm; and all night along I lay listening for a lull in the tempest: but none came. I determined that I would go in the morning in spite of anything. But the morning was no better, save that the wind was not quite so high. The sidewalks, however, were like sheets of glass. I could not ask for the carriage and horses in such case, and it was as much as my life was worth to venture out on foot and for such a long walk too, so I had to endure another day of suspense. At night when the voice of the tempest had lulled me to sleep, my dreams were still tinged with the anxieties of the day. I saw little children with their dying eyes cast up to the heaven which seemed to shut them out forever; stiffening fingers that played with snow-wreaths, that had scarce known the touch of living flowers; little hands that were drawing snow-shrouds about them, as if under the white folds they would find warmth at last; supplicating voices calling out above the tempest, "I am sick and cold, my mother, oh, my mother;" all these with utter powerlessness on my part to help them, made it a night of agony.

I awoke the next morning to find what seemed to me to be the bluest sky and brightest sun that I ever saw. Every tree and shrub, every twig, was as if encased in flashing diamonds.

Before breakfast was well over, some friends of my cousins called to take them sleighing; the gay world will have its pleausure, Maggie, and the snow lasts but a few hours at this season. I knew that my visit to Anthony street would be positively objected to, if known, so I put on my walking dress, and was just hurrying off, when Mr. Blanchard's light sleigh and spendid horses came dashing up to the door.

"Just caught you in time," said he, as he jumped out, and threw the reins to the servant, "this snow will be all gone by three o'clock, so we must make the most of it."

I am ashamed to confess it, but for a moment I was sorry that I felt it my *duty* to go to Mrs. Richards'. It was *only* for a moment though, and with a voice, in which, I think, there was not a regret lingering, I declined the invitation, at the same time giving my reason.

"That is all right," said he in his kind way, "I will drive you down there, and after you have accomplished your mission there will still be plenty of time for a fine ride."

This arrangement satisfied me entirely, so in a few moments we were whirling along; and I, with my usual impetuosity, was pouring out my troubles of the last two days and nights. In an incredibly short time we reached Anthony street.—Mr. Blanchard handed me out, and said, that as his horses was warm he would drive around for a few squares, and then call for me again. I ascended the stairs and knocked at Mrs. Richards' room door. She opened it herself with a face of trouble. She did not give me time to ask a question, but glanced with such a heart-broken look, toward the bed, that I shall never forget it, Maggie. There lay little Anna, with her breath coming pantingly through her parted lips, her blue, sunken eyes intently following every motion of her mother, and her thin, white fingers drawing the scanty covering closer around her throat. I leaned over and spoke a few words to her, before I noticed the strange, damp chill of the room. The little stove almost insufficient for comfort at the best of times, was dark and cold and looked as if it had not known a fire for days. Oh! Maggie, to think that whilst I had drawn back from silken-curtained windows to a glowing grate fire, shivering with cold, this mother had broken up part of her furniture to burn, and when that failed, had taken off her own clothing and spread it on the bed to keep a little warmth in the body of her dying child.

"Have you a doctor?" I asked hurriedly.

A hopeless "No," was the reply.

"Forgive me, Mrs. Richards, but this is no time for false delicacy, you are in want of almost everything, ain't you?"

"*She* has not tasted a mouthful since this time yesterday," said the mother, glancing to the bed, and great tears came to her eyes.

I rushed down stairs, and found a little boy making snow-balls at the door. With the promise of a shilling on his return, I got him to go and buy an armful of wood, which is kept at small shops in neighborhoods like this, and retailed out at high prices; I went myself for a loaf of bread, some tea and some sugar, and was just going in the door with them when Mr. Blanchard drove up.

"I cant go with you," said I, hurriedly, "little Anna is dying, and there is neither fire nor food in the house. I've just sent for an armful of wood."

The bright look with which he had driven up died away, and a moisture crept over his fine eyes, but without saying a word, he jumped in the sleigh, and seized the reins and drove away.

The boy by this time had returned with the wood. Such a grateful look as beamed from the face of both mother and child. With tears falling, Mrs. Richards knelt down to kindle the fire, and I went into one of the neighboring rooms, occupied by an uncouth but good-natured woman, to see if boiling water could be obtained. A slight renumeration made the woman very accommodating, and I soon returned with a pot of tea. Maggie, it would almost have broke your heart to have seen the eager, famished look with which Anna followed me, as I prepared a cup of it, and some bread for her.—With a hurried, trembling motion, she endeavored to raise herself on her elbows, forgetting the acute pain in her lungs, in the acuter pain of her hunger. I took off my cloak, and threw it around her, and then supported her whilst I fed her.—Her mother was anxious to do it, but I knew that she was nearly starved too, and made her eat something herself.

God, in His mercy, keep me from ever seeing again the ravenous, almost wolfish look, of a dying, starving child.

Every mouthful, which Anna took, made her cough, yet with an eager, trembling clutch, she seized the cup, which I did not raise fast enough to her lips. I told her that she must not eat too much at a time, but that in a little while she should have more, when with a strength that I thought her incapable, she grasped the cup, nor would she release it till the last drop was drained.

I had just laid her back on the pillow, covered her up warmly, and knelt down to replenish the stove, which poor Mrs. Richards, in her anxiety to eke out her treasure, had heated with miserly care, when there came a knock at the door.—I looked up from the fire, which I was blowing with all my might, to see Mr. Blanchard enter.

"I thought I might help you, in some way," he said, coming right up to me, "and so returned. Let me do that," he continued, "I am better fitted for such work."

I cannot convey to you his delicate kindness, of his unobstrusive, yet sincere sympathy; I felt as if his few cordial words to Mrs. Richards, carried more balm with them, just then, than all the sermons ever delivered from the pulpit. This is the man that ambitious mothers, and gay daughters are courting, not for these fine traits which so ennobled human nature, but for his wealth and position.

After his departure, a well filled purse was found on the table; and subsequently a ton of coal and other needful things came anonymously. But I felt *sure* who had sent them. And they testified, dear Maggie, that *works*, as well as the *faith* of which he had been speaking to Mrs. Richards, was a part of his reglion.

I staid till quite late, in order that the poor worn-out mother might get some rest if possible, and I learned for the first time that day, how thousands and thousands live in great cities. How fine ladies rolling in luxuries, cheapen the sewing-woman's work, and then neglect the payment for weeks; how delicate children *fortunate* in getting employment, are overtasked beyond their years and strength; how, through driving storms, and pinching cold, and scanty raiment, and disease, and hunger, and breaking hearts, the poor are pitilessly driven on, till they lay down their burden by the edge of the grave.

They talk of "woman's mission," Maggie; I stand up for it now, her *true* "mission," heart and soul. There is so much in this great world to accomplish, and so few, to do it. The chimerical idea, I used to entertain, of reforming the world wholesale, has entirely deserted me; but I *do* feel that every time woman has it in her power to lighten the burthen of some of her sex, or to speak the few kind words that may stay the faltering resolution of some weaker sister, she is acting out her real mission.

Just before I left Mrs. Richards', a grave, kind looking old gentleman came in, who said he was Dr. Franklin, and having heard of Anna's sickness, had called. The physician gave but little hopes of Anna's recovery, but promised to call frequently to see her.

When I returned home, and told aunt of my day's occupation, she said, "Oh, dear how dreadful; ran over a list of dainties which I knew the sick child could not touch; bade me ask the housekeeper for anything I should want; declared her nerves could not stand the sight of suffering; and then, in ten minutes, seemed to have forgotten all about it. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdon of heaven."

I have called every day to see Anna. She is evidently very near her end, growing weaker almost hourly. Mr. Blanchard has frequently accompanied me there, and thanks to him, her last moments are made most comfortable.

I was going to write to mamma to-night but I am too tired, so show her this, if you please, and she shall hear from me in a day or two. Yours truly,

ADA LESTER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MASON'S AND DIXON'S LINE.—"What is meant by Mason and Dixon's line?" asked asked a bright blue eyed girl of twelve years of age, when sitting at her father's table a few days ago,

The answer was:

'It is a phrase usually employed to describe the boundary between the free and Slave States.'

'But why do they describe it in this way?' she inquired.

The answer may be worth giving to some of our readers:

"In the seventeenth century, James II, of England, then the Duke of York, gave certan lands to Lord Baltimore and to Wm. Penn, and a difficulty soon sprang up as to the proper owner of these lands on the Delaware. Again and again was the affair carried into the courts, till in the year 1760, when George III came to crown, the Lord Chancellor of England made a decision; but new difficulties sprung up in drawing the boundary lines. The Commissioners finally employed Messieurs Mason and Dixon, who had just returned from the Cape of Good Hope, where they had been to observe the transit of Venus. They succeeded in establishing line between Delaware and Maryland, which has ever since been called "Mason and Dixon's line."

He Got Him on the Wool.

'Look ha, nigger, where you swellin' to?' was the unceremonious salutation of a saddled colored gemman to an excruciatingly dressed darkey, whose complexion was not many shades removed from that of a recently polished stove pipe, as the latter "pusson" made a graceful swing from the promenade on Fourth street, where he had been exhibiting himself for a couple of hours, to the envy of the "bucks" and the fascination of a score of "nuss gals,—into McAlister street.

"Who-o-o-o you call a nigger, sah?" was the indignant response, with a majestic roll of a pair of eyes with a great deal of white and very little of any other color in them.

"Why I call *you* nigger?" was the flatfooted reiteration of "saddle color," as he recognised in 'stove pipe,' a 'gemman' who, two years ago exercised his genious about town in the white-washing and the boot-blacking business, but who, since that time, has been 'abroad,' and had cultivated a moustache and foreign air.

"Low me to tell you, sah, dat you's labrin under a slight delucination, I am no nigger."

'Yes you is a nigger, nuffin *but* a nigger—if you ain't a nigger, what is you?'

"Ise a Quarterroon, sah."

"Ah what."

"Ise a Quarterroon, sah."

"How *you* git to be Quarterroon?"

"Why my mudder was a white woman, and my fadder was a Spaniard, dats how I git to be Quarteroon.'

"Whar you git dat, 'plexion?"

"I git um in de Souf—'fect of de climate, every pusson in de Souf got em, sah."

"Whar you git dat wool?—say whar you git dat wool?"

"I git dat by a—by a-a-a-accidem on my mudder's side, sah," said 'stove pipe' slightly confused.

"Now how you git dat wool on your mudder's side, if your mudder was a white woman? say, how you git dat wool?"

"Bekase she was frightened afore I was bornd."

"How she git frighten—em?"

"Why she git chased by a black man, sah."

"Look hea, nigger, I dussent want to be pussonal, but, judgin from de 'pearance ob your mudder's son, der ain't no doubt dat the time your mudder was chased by a black man, she was overtooked."

A moment afterwards you might have played dominoes on the coat tail of the South'n he gemman, as streaked he up McAlister street, and dived into the doorway of that aristocratic caravansary for the accomodation of distinguished sunburnt pussons, the Hotel Dumas.

Ups and Downs.

The sojourners at our city hotels are familiar with the modest tones in which the words, "New York Herald," "Tribune," "Times," "Baltimore Sun," "Intelligencer," "Union," &c., fall upon their ears from a respectable elderly gentleman in the newspaper wilne. At break of day you may find him at the Railroad Depot, with his bundle of these "maps of busy life;" at breakfast time he is at the hotel ready to exchange his commodities for the ready cash; and again as midnight draws near you will still find him pursuing the even tenure of his way, pressing his sales. We have observed him for many years going regularly through this routine. Many wonder if he ever sleeps. If "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," he is entitled to the largest that may be had. A curiosity is often manifested to know his history. Some say he has by dint of such industry and untiring perseverence laid up something handsome for a "rainy day."

One morning last week, as the Hon. Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, was passing from his breakfast room at the "National," with his morning mail, this veteran news vender met him at the foot of the flight of steps near the office. His eye caught the title, "Cincinnati Gazette" to a paper in Mr. C.'s hand, and with a peculiar expression, he remarked:

"Ah, the old Cincinnati Gazette!"

Mr. Campbell halted, observing, "You have it not in your package?"

"No but I took it once."

Mr. Campbell. "When?"

"In 1828, when Charles Hammond was editor, and I was in the firm of Carrington & Wells, wholesale merchants, Main street, Cincinnati!"

Mr. Campbell. "I recollect the firm, for I was then a printer's devil in the Gazette office, and faithfully through wintry storms carried the paper to you. We are living monuments of the "ups and downs" of life!"

Here a strange expression passed over the countenance of Wells, and Mr. C. fearing that he might awaken unpleasant reminiscences in connection with his change of fortune, left, with a "God give you success; your energy deserves it!"

How illustrative of the changes of fickle fortune! The carrier boy of the news of that day to the wholesale merchant, is now a member of the American Congress, and the wholesale merchant now carries the newspapers to him!—*Nat. Intel.*

NATURAL CURIOSITY IN DECATUR COUNTY.—The editor of the Columbus Enquirer speaks of a great natural curiosity in Decatur county, Georgia: We are told that it consists of what is called the *Blowing Cave*, at the mouth of which a suspended handkerchief will be blown straight outwards during portions of the day, and as forcibly inwards during the remaining portions of the 24 hours. These alternating breezes are supposed by some to be connected with the tides of the ocean, on account of their blowing one way or the other as the tide ebbs and flows.